clear and he loved to dwell on the days of quiet work and pleasure spent on the his-toric farm. He recalled with delight remin-



DR. JOHN S. BROWN

iscences about the intellectual people whose companionship he enjoyed while a member of the community. But in the last few weeks advancing age has been encroaching on his strength very rapidly. He was just able to walk to and from the table on his birthday anniversary. He took a quiet interest in what was going on around him and his venerable presence at the flower-decked table made an impressive picture. When the conversation turned to the days of 1841 and Brook farm, there was much to talk about that pleased him.

talk about that pleased him.

Dr. Brown was instructor in practical Dr. Brown was instructor in practical and theoretical agriculture in the Brook farm school and was thus connected with the most important phases of the life there. Everyone has read with interest the accounts of life at Brook farm, written for the magazines by residents and visitors there, but to hear from the lips of one of the most enthusiastic of participants the various experiences of several years of stay there is a privilege not often available.

Story of Brook Farm.

"George Ripley was the founder of the farm," began Dr. Brown, "He and his wife, Susan Ripley, who was my wife's sister, were the ones who started the project. Ripley thought he could launch the scheme if he had \$30,000, so it was proposed that ten families each pay \$3,000. In reality that ten families each pay \$3,000. In reality he succeeded in raising only about \$15,000, but the farm was secured.

"It was in April, 1841, that Mr. and Mrs. Ripley and Miss Marianne Ripley, Minot Pratt and his wife, Sarah T. Pratt, W. B. Allen and a few others moved to the country place a few miles southwest of Boston, which afterward became so well known as the communistic settlement. Brook

try place a few mies southwest of the communistic settlement, Brook farm. Others joined them very soon, and finally, in the September following, Brook farm institute was organized into a stock company. There were twenty-four shares at \$500 each. George Ripley, Minot Pratt, W. B. Allen, Charles Dana and Marianne Ripley each took three; Sophia Ripley, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Maria S. Pratt and Sarah F. Stearns took two each. Charles O, Whitmore took one. Ripley was chairman of general directions; Hawthorne, the head of finance; W. B. Allen, of agriculture, and Mrs. Ripley, of education. Dana was made recording secretary.

"The farm was a beautiful one in point of landscape, having green stretches of

was made recording secretury.

The form was a beautiful one in point of landscape, having green stretches of meadow, we also knolls, the winding Charles from the winding Charles from was a leage farmbouse on it, and that was a large farmbouse on it, and that was alled the "Hive," and here were the partor, offices and the whole culinary department, Other houses were "Margaret Fuller Cottage," the "Eyrle," the "Pligrim Cottage," the "Eyrle," the "Pligrim Cottage," the "Eyrle," the "Pligrim Cottage," the "Pligrim Cottage," the "Pligrim Robuse of age, tall straight haras featured, exact, formal, unattractive, but well meaning and conscientious. Her pupils were the younge of children, and she was assisted by Abby Merton and Georgianma Brise. Among the pupils were two sons of George Bancrot, Francis Barlow, afterward General Barlow, who was killed during the civil war; Lloyd Fuller, a brother of Margaret Fuller; two Spanish boys from the Philispines, and several Cubans. A school for older boys and girls was a preparatory sourse for college. The faculty was made app of ase tive participants in the colony, and included George Ripley, as instructor in the faculty was made app of a settive participants in the colony, and instructor in Greek and German, appellage in the left of the State federation in the left of the state federation in the control of the state federation in the control of the state federation in the control of the state federation in the colony, and instructor in Greek and German, appellage in the control of the state federation in the colony in the control of the state federation in the control of the state federation in the colony, and instructor in Greek and German, appellage in the control of the state federation in the control of t

Life at the Farm.

"The life at Brook farm was ideal for several years. Each person had a certain amount of work to do daily, but he could choose that which suited his tastes best. Workers were paid at a day for their labors, and no one was charged more than at a week for his living. Congenial companionship lightens labor, a fact which was a week for his iving. Congenial com-panionship lightens labor, a fact which was found to be especially true in this case. George William Curtis, who was a student at the farm school, expressed the situation perfectly when he said: There were never such wilty potato patches and sparkling cornfields before or since. The weeds were scraiched out of the ground to the music of Tennyson or Browning, and the neoming was an hour as gay and bright as any brilliant midnight at Ambrose's. Even the laundry work was made far from disagree-able because of the co-operation. Several of the meg were initiated into the mys-teries of the wringer and scrubbing board, and proved master hands at the work. As waiters fon the tables, a group of young mea, with Charles Dana as head waiter, achieved distinction. When there was corn to be husked the big old barn witnessed some merry frolics.

"Recreation time was easily filled. There were so many young people boarding with

some merry frolics.

"Recreation time was easily filled. There were so many young people boarding with us and attending school that gayety never forsook us. There were several singers among them, and dancing and singing became the most peopliar diversions. Charades, tableaux, masquerades and moral fetes were frequent, however. Mr. Ripley was called in from work one day to pose in a tableau vivam as a Sullote chief. He removed his spectacles, threw a leopard skin over his shoulders and, assuming a heroic attifued; took the part to perfection. He would probably have been as brave as the man be impersonated in the face of real danger. The masquerade plenic, which Hawthorne describes in the Bilthedels Romance, was undoubtedly suggested by a picule held in the pine woods at Brook farm. The Indian chief, who is one of his characters, was really there, in the of his characters, was really there, in the person of George Wells, afterward a mem-ler of the Kansas legislature and a colonel in the civil war.

Religion and Clothing.

"In religion we are of many beliefs ranging from freethinkers to Roman Catholics. Father Isaac Hecker, the founder

A BROOK FARM SURVIVOR

DR. BROWN, OF LAWRENCE, INSTRUCTOR IN AGRICULTURE.

He Talks Interestingly of Life in His Famous Communistic Settlement
—Famous Men and Women Who Were at the Farm,

An event of interest in this week's annals was the fird birthday of John S. Brown, of Lawrence, Dr. Brown is not only one of the few survivors of the famous Brook farm, but is also the oldest living member of the honorary society. Phi Beta Kappa, and the oldest Unitarian minister in the United States. He is a native of New Hampshire and a graduate of Union college.

Living Tomas Words and Pather Issue Hecker. Sympathizers and frequent visitors of note word for the more of the few survivors of the famous Brook farm, but is also the oldest living member of the honorary society. Phi Beta Kappa, and the oldest Unitarian minister in the United States. He is a native of New Hampshire and a graduate of Union college.

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Living Tomas Words Words Words Words Words Hampshire and a graduate of Union college.

Margaret Fuller, Emerson, Bronson Alcont. Hedge and Brownson. To have lived in an integrated work and pleasure spent on the historic farm. He recalled with delight reminion for the could sculntor.

ADELIA ALICE HUMPHREY.

NEW YORK SURPRISED HIM.

NEW YORK SURPRISED HIM. A Young Frenchman Will Take Home Strange Tales of the Me-

tropolis.

From the New York Times. A young Frenchman, wealthy, educated, and of an investigating turn of mind, departed for home a few days ago, taking with him some remarkable impressions of New York, Very 1988. with him some remarkable impressions of New York. He spent two weeks in the city, and, having some excellent letters of introduction, he met many persons well qualified to show him the sights of the American metropolis. Although an experienced traveler in European lands, this young Frenchman had never before been in the United States, and he frankly admitted that objects were presented to his view here such as he never saw before. Being impressionable, he naturally fell a victim to the irrepressible New York practical joker.

Impressionable, he naturally fell a victim to the irrepressible New York practical joker.

The tall office buildings astonished the visitor, and, after luncheon one day on the thirty-sixth floor (as he believed) of one of them, he readily swallowed the yarn that vegetables and poultry were raised on the roof, because it would cost too much to get them at the markets.

While riding up Broadway with a waggish friend a few days before he went home, he noticed for the first time a slender thread of steam curling up from a manhole. "What is that?" he asked.

"Oh, that is one of the vents of the public radiator," was the reply.

"Public radiator," exclaimed the Frenchman. "You don't mean to tell me that the streets here are heated by steam?"

"Certainly, in cold weather," was the unblushing answer. "Don't you feel warm and comfortable."

"Indeed, I do," responded the Frenchman, enthusiastically. "But I never heard of such a thing as heating the streets of a great city. Well, well, New York certainly does beat the world."

MRS. AMELIA C. PETERS.

The President of Convention of Wom en's Clubs to Be Held This Week at Junction City.

Mrs. Amelia C. Peters, who as presiden of the Kansas Social Science Federation will preside over the convention of wom en's clubs at Junction City this week, has been a club woman but ten years. In that time, however, she has held many of-fices and has always been a prominent member of the organizations with which she has been identified. The Order of the Eastern Star and the Rebekahs are among the bands that have claimed Mrs. Peters as a member.

Ten years ago in Newton Mrs. Peters or-ganized the Themian Club. She is now its



Corresponding Secretary of the Kansas State Social Science Federation.

Mrs. G. W. Puett, of Newton, has been corresponding secretary of the Kansas State Social Science Federation since the convention last year, at Ottawa. Mrs. Puett has been a member of the Themian



Club since its organization, and has been prominently identified with all its interests. At present she is auditor of the club. As an attendant at state federation meetings she has been very faithful. Mrs. Puett is a woman of wide culture and charming personality. As Miss Ploran she came to Newton from Canada.

A Consciention, Worker.

of the Paulist fathers, was a member of the colony, and associated with him were men who belonged to the Transcendental Club and who went every Sunday to hear Theodore Parker preach.

"We wore costumes that were noted more for their utilitarian purposes than for their style or beauty. The stock of feminine headgear that was presentable ran very self."

From the Indianapolis Journal.

"Abner," said the wife of the editor of the Plunkville Bugle, looking up from her latest "take," "don't you think it is a sin for you to write those Washington dispatches right here in the affice?"

"No. I don't," stoutly reglied the editor. I have always been taught that the way to get a thing done right is to do it yourheads. From the Indianapolis Journal.

SHE IS NEWEST GIRL AND LATEST SENSATION IN FRANCE.

Beauty Who Has Nearly a Million Dollars, Is Accomplished in Every Way and Has Gained Reputation as a Cook.

Ten days ago there arrived in Philadelphia a young woman who is at present the talk of all Paris, a girl who is acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful women in Europe. She greatly resembles the fa-



LA GOURMETTE.

the last survivor of an ancient and noble family.

Heloise was the only child of peasants who had, for some reason, been compelled to wait until they were both past their first youth before they were able to marry, and the lovely child was the fruit of their constancy and the one joy of their hard, frugal life. The cure of the parish was her tutor, guide and almost constant companion. A man of profound learning, an artist, a skilled musician, and at the same time of ascetic and rather timid, retiring habits, his whole soul seemed to expand in his care and education of the peasant child.

Her Early Life.

When a proposition was made by the Marquise — to adopt the little one as her own, the good priest, seeing the great Marquise — to adopt the little one as her own, the good priest, seeing the great advantages that might result to his protege, gently urged compliance upon Heloise's parents, but to no purpose; and, indeed, the child herself, acute beyond her years, and fully appreciating what a good thing it would be for her, clung to her parents with all the depth of her strong, passionate nature, at the same time becoming much attached to her would-be patroness, who was already suffering the tortures of an incurable form of cancer. But the problem was solved for all parties in an unexpected way, by the sudden death of Marsan pere from the kick of a horse, his wife only surviving him a few months. Then the orphan child was adopted by the marquise, and up to her lifth year lived at the old family chateau in the vicinity of Coutances. Normandy. In these years, the naturally bright and intellectual child had the advantage of the constant society of a highly refined and cultured woman and the best instructors in special subjects that money could hire. As a consequence. "La Gourmette" is a sort of admirable Crichton; she speaks all modern languages, is an accomplished musician, vocally and instrumentally, and a painter of landscapes in water colors of no mean merit. Besides this, she is a fearless horsewoman, can hand, reef and steer like a "bo'sun," can hit out straight from the shoulder, "a la boxe Anglais," and is, bevond much doubt, the most consummate artist in cookery, and probably the most beautiful and fas-



AS A GREAT WHEEL ENTHUSIAST.

cinating woman of her age in Europe, if cinating woman of her age in Europe, if not in the world.

She is very much like, in some poses, the celebrated Mile. Cleo de Merode, but she surpasses her in the grace of her svelte, yet lithesome figure, the rich, healthy glow of her delicate, transparent skin, undefiled by powders or cosmetics, due beyond doubt to her habit of cold bathing and gymnastics in the morning, her abstemious yet epicurean diet, and her avoidance of candles, cigarettes and—drink.

avoidance of candles, cigarettes and-drink.

Just about three years ago the marquise died (her husband died some years previously), and the old property passed into the hands of a collateral branch, but Heloise was left well-off, her fortune being about \$750,000 American money. Shortly before her patroness' death her hand was sought by a man of good family and some wealth, but Heloise declined the alliance, upon which, so the story goes, the disappointed lover so far forgot himself as to insinuate in no very delicate language that the lady whom he sought to make his wife was the gage d'amour of her deceased, adopted mother. What Heloise did or said will probably never be known. But this much is quite certain: M. Le Chevaller was invisible to his friends for more than a year, and is now a valetudinarian at an Algiers villa and lives his life like a monk or hermit.

Her Paris Home.

With her moderate fortune, Heloise bought a small, but comfortable, old-fashbought a small, but comfortable, old-fashioned house in the old quarter of the Faubourg St. Germain, which is richly but
very daintily furnished. The housekeeper
is an old Norman woman, who was her
mald; besides her, there are some hair
dozen other women domestics, from her
native Gascony. Her house became the
resort of a few, a very few, men of high,
indeed princely rank, and of a half dozen
poor, but brainy, men of all the professions.

two years, she made at least ten millions of francs. Of course, society ignores her, which she repays by a cold, haughty, silent scorn, that drives the dowagers wild with fury and envy and makes every man who sees her a siave. For callow youth, she cares only when she sees some young fool "going to the demnition bow-wows," to quote Mr. Mantalini, but to the boys of the Quartier Latin she is ever—if they are manly fellows, and do not presume to make loves to her—sister, almost mother. The Quartier Latin she is ever—if they are manly fellows, and do not presume to make love to her—sister, almost mother. The number of worthy young fellows she has given the much needed start, the hundreds of working women and girls she constantly cares for. besides the numberless ones she has saved from unmentionable horrors, is quite incalculable. And yet she defies all the conventionalities in such a way that it is, of course, quite impossible for virtuous women to associate with her. Ask the ciergy about her: they sigh and shake their heads, and yet doclare that she is, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, an absolutely pure and chaste woman. And one strong argument in favor of this, as M. Dessaix pointed out to me, is this nor orious fact; that nothing sets "La Gourmette" in a fury so quickly as the most cleverly veiled double entendre, or indecent bon mot. And that this is no mock modely is beyond question.

An escapade with one D'Esteoule was probably an effort to cure him of a recently acquired but rapidly growing fondness for intoxicants, and is not her first effort of a similar kind. That, apar, from this, he had any attraction for he, is impossible, and as to money, she is worth three or four times more than he, has a steadily increasing income from sound and dividend to aving investments, and for money itself, cares really very little, much less than most women.

Her great charms are her beautiful, well policy of feure her per addicately cut feet.

parents, is a sort of fe m ale admirable Crichton; she speaks and writes m any m of ern languages sings and draws divinely, dresses artistically, has no lovers, and is the best cook on earth! She is Girl.

France's Newest on earth! She is Girl.

k nown in certain person just verging on the lean-and-slippered-pantaloon-stage of life being among the number of her adorers—by her almost among these is known as Mile. La Gourmette.

Mile. Heloise Marie Marsan, known to only an extremely small and exclusive circle in Paris as "La Gourmette," is a native of a small village in Gascony. When she was about 5 years old, or just about 15 years ago, her remarkable beauty at that a safty age attracted the notice of the childless wife of a gentleman of venerable age.

The feet of the content of the childless wife of a gentleman of venerable age.

The feet of the child of the content of the cont

THE ESKIMO TWIN GIRLS.

They Will Be Taken From New York to Seattle, Washington.

From the New York Press.

Little Artmarhoke and Zakriner, * the Eskimo twin sisters from Alaska, will be taken away from the uncertain climate of New York, and will make their home near Seattle, with Captain Minot Bruce, their adopted father.
In Washington their surroundings, at

least so far as being in the open air is concerned, will be more like the land of birth. New York gave them pneumonia, but they were more fortunate than several of Lieutenant Peary's Eskimos, who died of the disease. "That Eskimos can live in our climate is shown by the health of those who came from Labrador in 1833," says Harlan I. Smith of the Anthropological department, museum of natural history. "These Eskimos were exhibited at the world's fair, and they stayed in this country for four years, and all but one went gack to Labrador as well as they came. That one is still in New York. The little boy, Minik, brought here by Lieutenant Peary, is well, although nearly all of his older companions died. monia, but they were more fortunate than





indeed princely rank, and of a half dozen poor, but brainy, men of all the professor Mysto (the celebrated palmist, sions.

And here, her wonderful skill as a cook and here, her wonderful skill as a cook on to exploit—but selecting and cooking the dishes herself—had its origin. This amusement she enloyed hugely after a lively day on the bourse, where, in less than amount to the generosity of his patron.)

The professor Mysto (the celebrated palmist, to Miss Priscilla Giddy)—"This line indicates that when you are about 25 years of agentleman whom you will probably marry." (Professor Mysto, being unable to ask any specific fee for his service, leaves the amount to the generosity of his patron.)

The prom Tit-Bits.

Perhaps the finest mausoleum in existance of a specific fee for his service, leaves the amount to the generosity of his patron.)

FOR 16 YEARS HARRY FREI WAS SEARCHED FOR BY HIS FATHER.

The Weary Search Rewarded and the Wanderer Finds Himself Once More With His Parents-An Iowa Romance.

Columbus O., Special to the New York Press. After a separation of sixteen years F. J. V. Frei and his son Harry are at last reunited. The long lost son stepped off a train at Marion, a small town a few miles north of this city, yesterday afternoon, and soon he and his father were clasped in each other's arms in an affectionate embrace. They are now happy and the son will assume charge of his father's pros perous business. In 1881 the father and son lived in De-

to give a big Fourth of July banquet to all hands.

"So he had the grounds around his haclenda decorated to beat the band, set long tables under the trees and invited everybody in the department to come and have a good time at his expense. Of course a native Honduranean doesn't know any more about the Fourth of July than a pig does about algebra, and Bartell conclude to make his guests a nice speech, sort of explaining the nature of the occasion, so they would understand why it was a big feast day in his country, and winding up by reading the Declaration of Independence. Well, there was a tremendous crowd on hand, enthusiasm was unlimited, and things were going as fine as a hiddle Moines, Ia., the two comprising the famfly, the wife and mother having died a



was engaged in a prosperous merchant tail-oring business and the two lived happily together

The lad's mother was one of the heirs to a large fortune in Switzerland, and it was well known that her relatives objected to Mr. Frei and his son coming into posses sion of this property. The tailor feared

Mr. Frei and his son coming into possession of this property. The tailor feared that something would happen his boy and that he would lose the fortune, although he cared more for the boy than he did for the money. So it happened that early in 1883 Mr. Frei's apprehensions regarding his son suddenly were realized.

One morning in that year Harry failed to call his father. Later when the fathers awakened he went downstairs to discover the reason. No trace of the boy could be table was spread, but Harry was gone. Nothing about the house appeared to have been disturbed. A hue and cry was raised throughout the city, but from that day that we will yesterday the father had never set eyes upon his son.

For two or three days before the morning of Harry's disappearance, Mr. Frei had seen a closed carriage driving slowly up and down the street in the vicinity of his home, and naturally he assumed that the carriage had figured in the disappearance.

But no trace of the cab could be found. Mr. Frei could figure out only one motive for the abduction—for that is what it must have been—and that is that his wife's relatives had carried the little fellow away.

His Long Search.

His Long Search.

Believing that his son had been carried off by the boy's relatives, Mr. Frei began a search which lasted sixteen years. A few a search which lasted sixteen years. A few years ago Mr. Frei came to Marion, and from that point has kept up a correspondence throughout the country in the hope that he might find his boy. One of these letters was addressed to the postmaster at Harrisburg, Pa., and it, of the many letters sent by him, bore fruit. The Harrisburg postmaster wrote that he had made inquiries and learned that his son was employed as a tailor in Richmond, Va. It happened, however, that the young man had left Richmond nine months ago and no trace of him could be found for a few days. Finally, through the efforts of the police of Richmond, who had taken an interest in the case Harry was feed in Richmond, who had taken an interest in the case, Harry was found in Knoxville, Tenn. He was immediately placed in com-munication with his father with the result that the meeting between father and son was brought about.

The Boy's Wanderings.

After some persuasion young Frei related The club membership now extends into the After some persuasion young Frei related his experience to a representative of the Press. He said he was coaxed away from his father by a friend of his mother's relatives, a man named Loomis, a citizen of Des Moines, and an acquaintance of the Freis. Loomis made promises without the privileges of the institution at the half-stripes are to the privileges of the institution at the half-stripes are to the privileges of the institution at the half-stripes are to the privileges of the institution at the half-stripes are to the privileges of the institution at the half-stripes are to the privileges of the institution at the half-stripes are to the privileges of the institution at the half-stripes are to the privileges of the institution at the half-stripes are to the privileges of the institution at the half-stripes are to the privileges of the institution at the half-stripes are to the privileges at the privileges are to the privileges a

After some persuasion young Frei related his experience to a representative of the frees. He said he was coaxed away from his climate more readily than older people, the climate more readily than older people would do from the climate conditions of their native land.

"What will be the future of these little girls from our most northern possessolors as the country of the season of the climate land the climate of th

ON AN OLD SCORE.

A Denver Man Remembers That He Paid Too Little for Meals
Back in '03.

G. E. Wheeler, one of the Albany Dentists, of this city, was a few days ago in receipt of the letter which follows. Back in 1803, at the time mentioned in the letter, he was manager of a lunch counter at Marceline, Mo. on the Santa Fe railway, but he has, he says, no recollection of the meal that Mr. Taggart's little boy ate and for which the father did not pay enough. Here is the letter:

G. E. Wheeler, Esq., Kansat City, Mo.
Dear Sir:—In '23 nayed and wife and boy lunched at your place in Marceline, Mo. We paid you all that you asked, but I am convinced that you charged, and the balance interest. Very truly.

B. S. TAGGART.

Acquaintance With Celebrities.

From the San Francisco Argonaut.

James Russell Lowell used to tell the story that one of the gentlemen he met in Chicago had a great deal to say of his fravels in Europe. Lowell remarked that Georges Sand was one of his favorite authors. This reference to the great Frenchwoman called forth a characteristic rejoinder:

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the representative of Chicago culture. "I have had many a happy hour with Sand.

"You know Georges Sand, then?" asked Lowell, with an expression of surprise.

"Know him? Well. I should rather say idd." cried the Chicago man, and then he added, as a clincher, "I roomed with him in Paris."

The officers and men of the garrison at Brussels were recently invited to a lecture given by M. Bulls, the mayor. The sodders were instructed to keep their eyes on the commanding officer, M. Poodts, and to follow his example, rising and applanding when he did. Unhappily, Colonel Poodts had occasion to blow his nose. Instantly

From the London Answers.

The officers and men of the garrison at Brussels were recently invited to a lecture given by M. Buls, the mayor. The soldlers were instructed to keep their cyes on the commanding officer, M. Poodts, and to follow his example, rising and applauding when he did. Unhapplly, Colonel Poodts had occasion to blow his nose. Instantly the hall re-echoed with the music of 1,590 soldlers' noses being blown.

Perseverance and a Hatpin. From the Washington Post. A determined, square-jawed woman stood next to me in a crowd one day of the

week.
"Oh, dear," gasped a small woman beside her. "I do hate crowds. Don't you?"
The square jaw intensided its angle.
"No," said the determined woman. "I like a jam. It doesn't bother me. With perseverance and a hatpin I can get through any crowd in the world." me death."

"Acting under instructions from my gov-ernment," replied the American trooper, turning the crank of his gatling, "I will endeavor to give you both."

Costly Mausoleum.

STARTED A REVOLUTION.

Bartell was down in Honduras in 79, min-ing at a place on the Choluteca river, and

was doing first rate. He 'tended his own

was using first rate. He tended his own business strictly, kept out of all plots and schemes and got solid with both the gov-ernment and natives. Such being the case, he decided the second summer he was there to give a big Fourth of July banquet to all hands.

and things were going as fine as a fiddle when Billy got on a table to make his

when Billy got on a table to make his speech.
"The first part of it was received in silence for he wasn't an overly good Spanish scholar and the most the people could make out was that there had been some sort of tyranny going on and that some-body had been badly oppressed. But when he plunged into the Declaration they pricked up their ears, and before he had reeled off two sentences he was interrupted by deafening cheers. 'Buenos!' they yelled; 'Down with the government!' Vive le Senor Liberator!' Bartell was thunderstruck.

MRS. WYNFORD PHILIPPS.

Founder and President of the Won

an's Institute, London, Com-

ing to America.

MRS. WYNFORD PHILIPPS

Aequaintance With Celebrities,

Some Years After Patrick Henry.

What It Seemed Like.

"Give me liberty," howled the Filipino he brandished his bow and arrow, "or i

rom Life.

From Puck.

MINISTER YE'S DRESS The Trouble That Was Caused by the Reading of Our Declaration of Independence.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.
"Speaking of these periodical Central
American revolutions," said an oldtimer, BY DECREE OF HIS KING HE WILL WEAR "PANTS." 'did y' ever hear that story about Billy Bartell? No?" he continued, glancing around the group, "Well, it was like this:

Mme. Ye Has Taken Up the Garb of a Fashionable American Woman-Appearance of Coreans in Caucasian Attire

rom the New York Journal Mr. Chin Pom Ye, the Corean minister at Washington, and his interesting sons have appeared in trousers. They have perma-nently discarded the flowery silk garments which formed their national costume.



His excellency's charming wife, Mrs. Pak Ye, has shown herself to society in the garb of a fash-ion a ble American woman

just how to convey a delicate comp



MINISTER YE IN ALL HIS COREAN SPLENDOR.

lly appeared in Caucausian attire was the army and navy tea, in Washington.
To a correspondent Mr. Ye said:
"Yes, it is true that all my household will hereafter wear only the clothes required by custom in this country and in Europe. We do this by imperial decree, our emperor himself having adopted this innovation some weeks

emperor himself having adopted this innovation some weeks ago. The officials of the court, the members of the diplematic corps and all other civil and military officers are required to wear the new garb. No compulsion, however will be used to cause the masses of the people to adopt the change. But no one doubts that the fashions set by the court will be universally favored.

"I have worn these garments only since yesterday forenoon," the minister explainded, of course if I do not find them quite so comfortable for summer as the loose robes I have worn formerly, I may perhaps not be so enthusiastic.



MRS. CHIN POM YE IN HER NATIVE

with these, and I know we are all pleased with the change.

Minister Ye and his family in their Corean costumes used to present a very picturesque and pleasing spectacle. Many persons of cultivation in Washington sincerely regret the abandonment by the minister of his native dress.

The End of a Harrowing Romance.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.
"His face was as white as chalk."
"Scared?"
"No. He'd just used Plum's soap." A Safe Bet.



Young wife—"I got a beautiful parchment diploma from the Cooking college to-day— and I've cooked this for you. Now, guess what it is."

Husband (with slab of omejette between his teeth)—"The dioloma." The Monk-Gee, I bet Willie's going to